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(From the Hannibal (Mo.) Democrat, Nov. 23d.)
An Incident at Hannibal—Some-what Funny and Very Extraordinary.

A little incident was related to us last evening, which we consider quite rich, and did we not know the gentleman who made the blunder, we would most certainly think somebody was tight, maybe. The incident occurred at a private boarding-house in this city, about four o'clock yesterday morning, and was related to us as having thus occurred:

A certain young gentleman, who boards at a certain private house—a respectable house, too—had occasion to remain away from his bed until four o'clock in the morning. This is not uncommon with young gentlemen in our city—this particular one, especially. Some time after tea, on the evening of that eventful morning, two beautiful, buxom young ladies from the country, friends and acquaintances of the landlady, arrived. Beds being rather scarce, and the young gentleman not expected to be home that night, without a word of explanation or warning, one of the young ladies was placed in the young gent's room. As a matter of course, after going through the usual manipulations—unhitching clasps, buttons, books and eyes, &c., the beautiful damsel was properly arranged for taking charge of a dowry bark, and shipping for the land of dreams. We will leave the dear creature in her slumbers, and see what has become of the young gent. It is now nearly four o'clock in the morning. All nature is hushed in solemn stillness. The gentle breeze of morning softly, tenderly sighs as it kisses the cheek of the gentleman, who at this hour we find wending his way homeward. The twinkling stars look down from the blue canopy above, and merrily dance as though they enjoyed the prospect for a scene. Young gent not wishing to awaken the inmates of his boarding-house, cautiously approaches the door, and, after carefully inserting his night key, is pleased to find the bolt yields without a squeak. He softly feels his way to his room, little dreaming of what he would be compelled to witness in a few short minutes. We'd leave the reader to imagine the result, but, as the story is a peculiar as well as a funny one, we're of the opinion that we'd better tell the whole of it. Young gent approaches his room, and, knowing the location of the furniture, &c., being without matches, enters the room, closes the door, and immediately disrobes himself. Without further ceremony he throws his weary limbs and body upon the bed. As a matter of course, he was somewhat surprised to find his bed occupied, and, wishing to know who his bed-fellow was, he rolled over and gave the young lady—as rude as it may seem—a dig in the side, inquiring as he did so: "Who in the devil are you?" A slight movement on the part of the young lady followed this demonstration, and then very frantically she exclaimed, "Good God!" and in an instant she was standing in the middle of the room, frightened so badly that she was unable to say a word. The young gentleman ducked his head under the covering, and in this position endeavored to explain. Young lady said out, and, we have been informed, failed to appear at the breakfast table at the proper time. The position was, we would judge so at least, a very trying one, and both parties have our sympathy.

A GLOOMY HONEYMOON.—Dr. La Force, of Agency, married a Miss Dudley, last Thursday, and the happy couple started on their bridal tour. They arrived at Burlington, and took dinner at the hotel. The fair bride never looked so lovely, and the heart of the husband was joyful. While they were seated at the table, the face of the bride suddenly underwent a change; the cheeks grew palid and the eyes stared wildly around. The doctor immediately noticed the horrible transformation, and caught her in his arms. But affection was powerless to rescue. The poor man soon discovered that he was holding in his embrace a maniac wife. Without a premonitory symptom she had thus suddenly become insane. The doctor returned to Agency the next day, bearing with him the wreck of his own beautiful wife. [Ottumwa (Iowa) Mercury.]

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Fenianism in Ireland.

Great Excitement About the Expected Insurrection.

[Dublin Correspondence, of N. Y. World.]
Affairs in Ireland at present are in the most uncertain state they have been for many years. The people are in a state of excitement bordering on madness; the Government is bewildered and perplexed; the military authorities are drilling and maneuvering; the police are arresting and locking up; the prison officials are complaining of want of accommodation, and the civic dignitaries are asserting there is no cause for alarm. "Why is this?" as your talented countrymen, A. Ward, would ask. Well, I will tell you.

FENIANISM REDIVIVUS.
For some months past the English Government and the loyal portion of the Irish people have been flustering themselves that Fenianism was dead. The wholesale arrests effected under the suspension of the habeas corpus act, the garrisoning of the country, the suppressing of the "Irish People," and the punishment inflicted on the convicted Fenians—all these things were thought by the English Government to have had such a terrorizing effect on the disaffected masses that they would immediately repent, obtain absolution of a notoriously anti-nationalist priest, and take the oath of union, promising allegiance to their parental rulers. It had lulled itself into fancied security, and the Fenians were being looked upon, as before the arrests, as mythical beings, who, if they did at all exist, merely uttered threats in America against Canada, which they never intended to substantiate, but had forgotten all about Ireland and an attempt at rebellion there. But from this dream of security there has been an awakening. The Government finds it has been unable to kill the Irish sentiment and denationalize the Irish people, and find that, far from eradicating Fenianism, it has strengthened it; that far from living out of danger, that danger is more immediate than ever.

HOW THE AWAKENING CAME ABOUT.
It was hardly thought that, after banishing so many persons to America who had come over to preach the doctrine of freedom to an oppressed race, any could be found so regardless of their own safety as to repeat the attempt. With myriad detectives of the keenest sagacity, there was no escaping arrest if they did come; and with the gold bought services of an American Consul like West, they were satisfied, if once arrested, even United States citizenship would avail them little; and yet Dublin, Cork, and even Belfast, at the present moment, swarms with suspicious personages. These "suspicious personages," although not wearing square-toed boots, nor speaking with a nasal twang, nor guessing, calculating, nor reckoning, nor yet calling for "cock-tails" and "smashes," "jaleps" and "whisky-skins," are known to be Americans, and are kept under the strictest espionage. I have seen numbers of them, and spoken to several in my capacity as your correspondent. I know them to be Fenian agents. Some of them put up at the best hotels in the city, and show an extraordinary amount of skill in evading the vigilance of the police, for each is well aware he is watched.

TRAITORS IN THE CAMP.

Where is the man who has not his price? Who in this sordid age will talk of being incorruptible? and when was there ever a political organization, however noble in its aims, without a traitor—some base, unworthy wretch, who, for "filthy lucre," would not sell his companions? Probably nowhere has this traitorous faculty been more largely developed than in this unhappy country. Jimmy O'Brien in '98, and Pierre Nagles in '66, vied with one another in villainy; and, even now, in Ireland, there are O'Briens, Nagles, and even Castlereachs, who, sacrificing all the noble instincts of humanity at the altar of Mammon, scruple not to sell their countrymen. I know not if James Stephens be a spy—I think not; many here assert he is, but I do know that every plan and every action of the Fenian organization is made known to England; and not only that, but that if she liked she could at this moment lay her finger on every Fenian in Ireland. You may ask me how is this, and why she does not arrest them. You may say that England boasted of this knowledge months ago, and yet was palpably at fault. Even so, but since that time, within the last three weeks, the British authorities have been put in possession of information that, if Fenianism be treason, and if the punishment of treason be death, would condemn one-half the adult male population of the country to the gallows. Then why she does not do so I will afterward show. Permit me now to state a point. Some five weeks ago, a man came to this country, Sutton, or Dutton, I can't say which, by name. He was said to be the accredited agent

of Stephens here, and vested by him with full power, intrusted by him with all the secrets of the organization. This man has been bought, and is at this moment doing the work not for which he may have been sent here by James Stephens to do, but that for which he is paid by the British Government.

THE BRIGHT DODGE.

Leaving for a moment this branch of the subject, let me speak of the recent Bright reform banquet and meeting in Ireland. John Bright is well aware that, however reform may succeed in England, it would by no means work in Ireland. The English Government knows of this, and know also that he can never hope to carry through such a movement in Parliament. Viewing, then, the disloyal, the undoubtedly disaffected state of the Irish people, he (Bright) was sent over here to distract public attention from Fenianism, to convert Fenians to the old doctrine of "agitation" preached by O'Connell, but which never did any good for Ireland and never will. The Irish people are dissatisfied, and justly so, with the laws that now govern them; but give them a code of laws as just as the ancient Brehon, as faultless as those of Draco, the Grecian legislator, and remembering the wrongs of centuries, they will still hate England, still be dissatisfied, and still be Fenians. It is not with the present that they quarrel, but with the past. Whether this would be just or not, would be outside my province to argue. I am satisfied it is the feeling of the majority of the Irish nation. Thus John Bright has undoubtedly failed in his mission. His eloquence—and I listened to it, on the two occasions he spoke in Dublin, with pleasure—fell on listless ears. His auditors knew, when he spoke of "justice to Ireland," that it was impossible of attainment in his way, and, though they perhaps heard with pleasure the orator of the people, they heeded not what he said. The people want separation from England, and this alone.

A CHANGE OF PLAN.

With the knowledge thus attained, England has discovered that a revolution cannot be stifled. She tried that plan by suspending the "act" as I said, and found it inefficacious. Now she is determined to let the storm come and strive to weather it, to let the Fenians rise and fight it out. Arrests are becoming less frequent, though the same vigilance is exercised as before, and all the attention is turned not to arresting a rebellion, but to suppressing it so soon as it shows itself. With this end, additional numbers of "cock-tail" detectives have been imported hither. These are distributed throughout the country, and scarcely a town, land is there that has not its special swarms with them. Kerry, Cork and Wexford—all the counties in Ireland, in fact, have their share of these obnoxious personages. This secret service force is under complete organization, Sir Thomas Darcow, of the Castle, and Lake, of the constabulary, being at the head. Bi-weekly reports are made from each man to headquarters, and from these reports a weekly statement is sent to Irish Executive. Thus everything occurring in the country is known, almost as soon as it takes place, to the Government. On these reports, the military force under Lord Strathairn, formerly Sir Hugh Rose, is manipulated, weak points are strengthened, and strong ones made even more strong.

WHAT THE FENIANS ARE DOING.

As the first of January approaches the hopes of the Fenians are rising. They have no doubt but that Stephens will fulfill his promises of coming back to Ireland, and there is a rumor here that he is already on his way. Though the Government has undoubtedly facilities for procuring information as regards the working of Fenianism here, unfortunately I am not so well situated. I can, through certain officials here, hear of the movements of the Government; but, even though your correspondent, I cannot bid sufficiently high for unscrupulous traitors. Their figure is rather too lofty for my exchequer. However, I can put you in possession of some few important facts. During the past six weeks no less than sixteen thousand revolvers have been distributed through the Fenian circles in Ireland. These weapons have been in the city, stored for some time, having been purchased by James Stephens from an English manufacturing house. This will probably explain his seeming reluctance to accept of money received from John Mitchell. Did he state he purchased with the money arms and munitions of war, he would, of course, be compelled to give some information as to how he bought them, and from whom. The "boys" in the different sections of the country are drilling and practicing themselves in the use of the revolver and rifle. I am told that in the mountainous districts this is carried on extensively. The vacancies caused by the arrest of those under the suspension are said to be all filled. This carrying on of preparations, under such difficulties, plainly denotes the indomitable energy of the Celtic race, and their determined reso-

lution to meet their old enemy, if Stephens only keeps his word.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS.

The various barracks in and about Dublin are being put in a state of defense. It will be necessary, in order that your readers may understand this portion, for me to say a few words on the fortifications of this city. Passing over the fortifications of the harbor and coast as unnecessary of description in this instance, I will bring you into the heart of the city—in fact, to the castle. This is but a castle in name, having none of those attributes or surroundings one is authorized always to connect with the idea of a castle. It is simply a collection of offices, three guard rooms—one at each entrance—a small tower, a handsome chapel, and the vice-royal apartments, or the town residence of the Lord-lieutenant. There is a thoroughfare through the castle yard, the walls on either side being pierced for small guns, and presenting an appearance of strength. The guard at the castle, within the last week, has been largely increased, and the castle gardens have been beautified by the introduction into them of two pieces of artillery. Contiguous to the castle is Ship street barracks, capable of accommodating some 2,500 men. This barracks is now quite full; but, as these men are merely for the defense of the castle, should an occasion arrive it is not in itself a place of strength. Outside the city there are, on the south side, Portobello, Richmond, Beggar's Bush and Bridge Barracks; on the north side, the Royal and Aldborough Barracks. These govern all the approaches to the city, and can accommodate in all some 15,000 or 16,000 men. All these barracks are being put in a state of defense. The ordnance officers are hourly engaged in the work. The walls around them are being strengthened in many places, and flanking projections, with various loop-holes commanding the various points from which an attack might be expected. The jails are being similarly fortified, *chevaux de frise* are being put in every available place, and the guard in all cases is being doubled. These preparations are not confined to Dublin and its environs. Similar works are being carried out through the provinces. Tralee Barracks is being greatly strengthened; Limerick the same way; and a large number of men are engaged in strengthening the old fortification of Athlone Castle.

THE POLICE AND CONSTABULARY.

Preparations are now entirely confined to the military in the country. The Dublin metropolitan police, about twelve hundred strong, are being put through a course of diligent training in the use of the cutlass and revolver. They are seen daily drilling in the castle yard, are really a fine body of men. The country constabulary have also got orders to perfect their drill. These forces will, of course, be brought into close contact with the enemy in case of a rising; but England need not depend on other departments of the police force for an excess of loyalty, as both are largely permeated with disaffection.

A RISING AND ITS RESULT.

Thus both the government and the Fenians anticipate a rising. What the result may be is hard to tell. Were I to write you my opinions, I would say a successful rebellion in Ireland at present was as impracticable as in 1798 or 1848. A large portion of the Irish people are undoubtedly opposed to an attempt, and say that, if made, it will prove a greater *fiasco* than the cabbage-garden movement of Smith O'Brien. Many think otherwise, and assert they have good reasons for thinking so. I have given you a statement of what England knows, what she is doing, and what she intends to do, and will leave your intelligent American readers to judge for themselves. It is generally believed that the rising will take place here on Christmas eve, the 24th of December, and that the day celebrated as the natal day of a world's Saviour will witness a struggle for dear old Ireland's liberty. May God bless the green!

The Minnesotians are proud of the magnificent school fund of their State. The permanent fund arising from school land sales up to the first of last year amounted to \$983,528.85. Add to this the proceeds of the sales of the present year, and there is a grand total of one million three hundred and twenty-six thousand eight hundred and ninety-three dollars. If the remaining lands should be sold at the same rate, the total proceeds would amount to nearly twenty millions of dollars—a truly magnificent sum, the interest upon which alone, if properly invested, would be one million dollars per annum.

Two members of the Vermont Legislature have refused to take their extra pay voted by the General Assembly. They are both young men, and as they grow older they will know how to put up with such hardships better than they do now.

It is said that a brother of President Pierce is making temperance speeches in New Hampshire.

Meteors—A Brilliant Display Seen on the North Coast of Cuba.

The editor of the Matanzas (Cuba) Licio, on the night of November 12 and 13, counted thirty-nine brilliant meteors, the majority of them between the hours of one and two in the morning. On the night of November 13 and 14, the number observed was much greater, being three hundred and forty in all. Their appearance was as follows: From six to seven P. M., two meteors, with trails four degrees long, one of six degrees, one with no trail. Between eight and nine P. M., one meteor, with luminous trail covering seven degrees. From nine to ten P. M., two meteors, without trails, and one of six degrees of a luminous emanation. From ten to eleven P. M., twelve meteors, eight of which had trails covering from two to ten degrees of space; some of these meteors were very red in color. Between eleven and twelve P. M., there appeared ten meteors, similar to the preceding. From twelve to one A. M., thirty-six meteors appeared, many of them of first magnitude, and some of them lasted one or two seconds—some even longer. Between one and two A. M., sixty-five meteors appeared; from two to three, eighty-one. Some of these were very brilliant; four of them started from the star Gamma Leonis. Between three and five one hundred and eleven appeared, of which nine were from the Lion. Between five and half-past five seventeen appeared—one from the constellation Lion.

On the night of November 14 and 15, he counted one hundred and twenty-eight between the hours of 7 P. M. and 5 A. M. The editor of the Licio promises to give a detailed account of these meteors in a future article. He concludes by saying: "For the present it suffices to say that we have had the good fortune of seeing the great shower. Most probably the heavy portion of the shower passed over us in day-time, so that we caught a glimpse merely of the end of the shower on the morning of November 14. However, from the data afforded this time, it is proved beyond doubt that the period of recurrence is from November 12 to 14. It is likewise shown that such showers occur about November 27-29, from December 6-12, April 22-25, July 17-26, and August 9-14." In making the observations above recorded, Senor Prezas was assisted by Senores Barner, Manuel Febles, Ricardo Cay and Placido Gener, and other members of the Matanzas Lyceum.

The Next Deluge.

A French work recently published, maintains that every 10,000 years, the waters of the sea pass from one pole to the other, submerging and overwhelming in their passage the earth and all its inhabitants. According to the author of this theory, M. Paul de Jouvencel, the last of these deluges occurred 4,500 years ago; the next one is due in 6,000 years more. M. Jouvencel recounts this great comical drama with the vigor and pictorial effect of an eye witness. Six thousand years—sixty centuries—then, only are left to us wherein to do our whole world's work, and to complete and perfect that civilization which has yet hardly dawned on the greater number of mankind!—Sixty old men touch hands across the interval between the present moment and the last hour of the world as it exists; then all will be finished, all consumed, all will disappear! The sea for 10,500 years in its immeasurable depths will crush out our history and leave nothing of it all but a few fossil—so, at least, says M. Jouvencel.

Chilian Statistics.

The present population of Chili is stated at 2,034,943 persons; in 1861 it was 1,648,894. Its area is 249,352 square miles. In 1864 its export and import trade amounted to \$56,135,393. It is said that eight hundred and thirty-two of its inhabitants are over one hundred years of age, some of them having attained the ripe old age of one hundred and forty.

What a Porter May Earn.

Recently the head-porter of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, died, and it appeared that while he held that situation he saved nearly \$100,000. His chief perquisite was a fee of a half-penny for each letter delivered to the under-graduates of the college from the post-office, and as there are about six hundred under-graduates, this amounted to no small sum. The trustees of the college have forty applicants for the vacant position, to which a salary of \$1,000 is attached.

The Mormons threaten to invade Lowell, Brigham Young said in a late discourse at Salt Lake.

The last time I was in the city of Lowell there fourteen thousand more females than males in that one city. That is many years ago. They live and die in a single state, and are forgotten. Have they filled the measure of their creation, and accomplished the design of heaven in bringing them upon the earth? No; they have not. Two thousand God-fearing men should go there, and take to themselves seven wives apiece!

Curious Behavior of a Portland Girl.

A beautiful young lady of Portland ("exposed" in a letter to the Boston Herald), frequently, during the past year, has been in the habit of getting herself up as an aged man, and go to town on the cars. In her disguise she would stroll about the city to her heart's content, and return home to tell the few friends in the secret of the fun she had enjoyed. If spoken to she feigned deafness. The venerable form had become quite familiar in the streets of Portland; but none dreamed that beneath those gray hairs nestled soft auburn ringlets; that beneath those green goggles sparkled a pair of roguish eyes; that the seedy old coat covered shoulders that might rival those of Venus; that within those tattered unmentionables were the supple and rounded limbs of a blooming young womanhood; or that unusual stoop of the "old gentleman" was quite necessary to conceal a certain plumpness about the front part of the waistcoat. But the romantic young heroine came to grief. Protracting her strolls too long the other day, the train was just leaving as she hopped into the depot. A smart run enabled the foolish girl to throw herself upon the rear platform, but just as she did so away went hat, wig and goggles. Two gentlemen on the rear platform were considerably astonished, but the young lady had sufficient presence of mind to explain in a few frightened sentences the position of affairs, and it being nightfall, the gentlemen, who proved to be the genuine article, got the girl to her home without further publicity.

A Bold Feat.

The following, from the Buffalo Express, is rather difficult to believe, but it may be true:

A painfully intense excitement was experienced by hundreds of people living along Niagara river on Tuesday afternoon, at the sight of a vessel, with three men on board, being rapidly borne down with the current toward the falls, without any apparent possibility of rescue from the shore. The facts are as follows:

As a small Canadian trading schooner, the Whip, Capt. J. T. Young, was being towed out of Chippewa Harbor by the tug Buffalo, the line by which she was attached to the tug was broken by the strength of the current, and she was swiftly carried down toward the rapids above the falls. The captain and two men on board saw at once that they were in imminent danger—having neither anchor, nor small boat, and being in such a position that no one dared attempt their rescue from the shore. By this time hundreds of people were gathered along the banks, expecting nothing else than certain destruction to the vessel and her crew; but when within a couple of hundred yards of the commencement of the rapids, the cool head of the Captain conceived an idea which saved the lives of the whole party as well as the vessel. There was quite a gale blowing up the river at the time, and the master, with the aid of the two men, hoisted all sail, and sailed out of the very jaws of death, against the powerful current of the river, absolutely landing soon after at Hog Island, in safety, having gone further down the Niagara river than any other man ever did in a boat, and escape.

The admiration and relief of the people along the river banks, upon the execution of the Captain's plan, found vent in frequent cheers when it became apparent that his efforts would prove successful.

A member of the sporting fraternity in Denver City, who is afflicted with the consumption, has wagered fifty dollars against a coffin worth the same amount, that he will die before the first day of January next. The coffin, in the event of death, to be used as his last earthly habitation. This is an evidence of the rising passion strong in death.

Brigham Young is luxuriating in the honeymoon of his forty-fifth bride, a beautiful Danish girl of seventeen. He has just lost his twenty-fourth wife, who was buried without any ceremony, or even a notice of her death.

The compliment of a Western clergyman to his female worshippers is worth recording: "Be not proud that the blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished compliment of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner."

Artemus Ward says: "Let us be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrow money to do it with."

A mass of copper weighing 15,180 pounds was recently brought to Pittsburgh from the Lake Superior region. It was in a single nugget, and claimed to be the largest one ever mined.

A LARGE FEE.—It is said that Chas. O'Connor recovered a fee of \$50,000 in the Jewel will case.